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Learning better than House and Land.



HARRY at his LESSON.

Page 25.

London Published Aug^r 27th 1813 by W. Darton Jun^r Holborn Hill.

LEARNING
BETTER THAN
HOUSE AND LAND,
AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE
HISTORY
OF
HARRY JOHNSON
AND
DICK HOBSON.

BY J. CAREY, LL.D.

THE THIRD EDITION,
revised and improved.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. DARTON, 58, HOLBORN-HILL.
(*Price Half-a-Crown.*)

1813.



Opinions of Reviewers on

"LEARNING BETTER THAN HOUSE AND LAND."

This little tale inculcates the best moral principles, and is sufficiently interesting to attract the attention of youth. The incidents....(&c.)....present impressive examples, which cannot fail to be advantageous to young minds; and, as such, we recommend it. The talents of Dr. Carey are well known; the principles of morality, here exemplified, are not less honorable to him.

Anti-Jacobin Review, November, 1808.

As the moral of these juvenile performances is the main object, the more pleasing the story combined with it, the more instruction it is likely to convey. This little work intends to describe the solid advantages which may be derived from learning; and, to make them more apparent, the author gives us a little tale, in which two families are portrayed with some ingenuity.....so that the maxim of learning being "*better than house and land*" is exemplified in the vicissitudes of Harry Johnson and Dick Hobson.

Critical Review, December, 1808.

Publications by Dr. Carey,
to be had of W. DARTON, 58, Holborn-Hill.

Practical English Prosody and Versification, or
Descriptions of the different species of English Verse,
with Exercises in Scanning and Versification, gradu-
ally accommodated to the various Capacities of Youth
at different Ages, and calculated to produce Correct-
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Dryden's Virgil, revised and corrected.

ADVERTISEMENT.



IN offering this artless tale to the public, I am well aware, that, as a literary composition, it has little claim to praise: but, as a lesson to youth, it may perhaps prove useful; and on that utility alone I rest my hope that the parent or instructor of my juvenile reader will pardon its deficiency in other respects. As to the professed periodical critics, I have nothing to fear from them; my humble production lying too far below the range of their artillery, which, like the bolts of Jove only strikes more exalted objects.

In certain parts of the narrative, which contain facts of some importance to natural history or philosophy, the youthful reader will of course wish to know whether he reads truth or fiction. I therefore assure him beforehand, that he will not, in any one of those passages, find a single material fact related, which is not strictly true. I shall, in another place, make a few remarks on each subject; not choosing here to anticipate.

With respect to trans-atlantic hospitality—in bestowing on it a line of incidental commendation, I have by no means out-stepped the bounds of truth*. On the contrary, the hos-

* I have only described it as I actually found it in the year 1789.—Whether any

pitable disposition of the Americans justly merits much higher encomium, and from a happier pen than mine. It shines most eminently conspicuous in the southern states of the Union, where any decently-dressed man may travel a thousand miles without ever entering an inn. In a tour which I made through a part of that extensive region, although I usually, and for very obvious reasons, preferred to lodge at public inns, yet, on two occasions, I was glad to avail myself of private hospitality.—I shall here briefly notice one of them.

change have since taken place for better or for worse, I leave to be told by those who have more recently visited the United States.

July, 1813.

In the western tract of Virginia, beyond the Blue Ridge of the Appalachian mountains, in the month of January, in deep snow, with a violent drifting wind, I lost my way in the woods between Martinsburg and Winchester.

After long and circuitous wanderings—after having fasted and ridden from breakfast-time till past sun-set—at length, instead of being reduced to sleep under a tree (my last, my long, interminable sleep!) I fortunately arrived, about dark, at the plantation of Ignatius Perry, Esquire. As I approached the house, a negro came out to take my horse; and, while I was inquiring of him whether his master were at home, a young gentleman, about

the age of twelve or thirteen, made his appearance at the door, with Mrs. Perry's compliments, politely inviting me to dismount, and walk in. On my introduction to her, I explained the cause of my unpremeditated visit, and was cordially welcomed.

Though the family had dined some hours before, a hot dinner of four or five dishes, fish, flesh, and fowl, was prepared for me with a degree of expedition, which could hardly have been surpassed, if they had been forewarned of my arrival. To keep me in countenance, covers were laid for Mrs. Perry, her son, and her daughters, who all sat down to table with me, and *pretended* to eat.

A smiling bowl of rich apple-toddy*, followed by a glass of excellent Madeira, comfortably diluted my hearty meal; and the agreeable conversation of Mrs. Perry and her daughters—two sensible, pleasing young women, who, in those qualities, perfectly resembled their amiable mother—gave an additional zest to the entertainment.

I was retiring to rest at an early hour, and in the act of wishing the family good night, when in came Mr. Perry, returned from a journey or a visit. He saluted me, not with formal distance, as a stranger drop-

* A mixture of rum, water, and sugar, enriched with the soft pulp of roasted apples—with or without nutmeg.

ped from the clouds, but with easy familiarity, as if I had been an old acquaintance. On my repeating to him the cause of my appearance in his parlour, he was "happy that
 " chance had directed me to *his*
 " house, and hoped, that, in his ab-
 " sence, I had been entertained to
 " my satisfaction."

After some conversation with him, I was now finally retiring for the night, and returning my thanks to the ladies and young gentleman for their hospitality and politeness,
 " as I should probably not have the
 " pleasure of seeing them in the
 " morning; it being my intention
 " to start at an early hour for Win-
 " chester:"—but Mr. Perry inter-
 rupted me, by observing, that,

for me to stand parleying with the negro at the door. I might at once have *commanded* him to take my horse—have instantly alighted—walked in without hesitation, and experienced precisely the same reception—a reception, which neither the distance of four thousand miles, nor the revolution of twice twelve years, has yet been able to efface from my grateful remembrance.

July, 1813.

J. C.

LEARNING

BETTER THAN

HOUSE AND LAND.

IN Berkeley Square, some years since, lived Mr. Johnson, a gentleman of noble descent, of most respectable connexions, and possessing in Yorkshire a landed property, which yielded to him a clear annual income of ten thousand pounds, besides a seat in parliament for a borough belonging to the estate. He had a son, named Henry, who, be-

ing his only child, engrossed all the care of his fondly affectionate father and mother. No expense was spared on his education: masters of first-rate abilities were employed to instruct him in every branch of knowledge requisite to make him a complete gentleman, and qualify him to shine at court and in parliament: and, besides the pains bestowed on him by his different teachers, his parents also devoted to his instruction and improvement every moment which they could spare from the avocations unavoidably incident to persons of their rank and fortune.

Master Harry was a lad of good natural talents: he possessed a clear understanding, as he often proved

by the shrewd, sensible remarks which he occasionally made on the objects and transactions around him: he also had a retentive memory; for he could long and correctly remember any conversation or occurrence which had particularly attracted his attention, or pleased his fancy.

With such advantages from nature, fortune, and parental care, it was reasonable to expect that Master Harry should have made a most rapid progress in his learning; and so he certainly would have done, but for one unfortunate circumstance. Like some other young gentlemen of that and the present time, Master Harry had an unconquerable aversion to his books. The silly boy foolishly imagined, that,

because he was born heir to an ample estate, and was sure of a permanent seat in parliament, he had no occasion for learning, which he thought only fit for poor men, who earned their bread by teaching, or by writing books for the amusement of idle gentlemen.

His parents and his teachers used every argument in their power, to convince him, that, without learning, he never could expect to shine as a gentleman ; and that an illiterate man of fortune is not more respected than his footman or his groom. But they talked to no purpose : for Master Harry was obstinately determined not to learn ; and, though he betrayed no symptoms of sulkiness or ill-humour at their ad-

monitions, yet their words were no sooner spoken, than forgotten. So far was he from taking any pains to study his lessons in his book, that he would not even lend his ear to admit that knowledge which he might have acquired without the trouble of study, by only listening to the remarks that his teachers made to him. While they were vainly laboring to instruct him, his thoughts were wholly bent on toys and play; and, whenever a question was put to him respecting his lesson, he answered, at random, any nonsense that first came into his head, without caring what it was; and plainly proved, by the preposterous absurdity of his replies, that he did not think it worth his while to attend to

a single word of what was said to him. . So persevering was he in his obstinate determination not to learn, that, at the end of twelve months from his entrance on the grammar, he either could not or would not even enumerate the parts of speech, or tell the difference between a noun and a verb: and, during the subsequent years, his progress was no better than might naturally have been expected from so unpromising a commencement.

A sad young rogue he was, thus sinfully to waste his precious time, together with large sums of his father's money, which might have been so much better employed in relieving the wants of his distressed fellow creatures: and such criminal

conduct deserved, no doubt, to be severely punished. Let not *us* however, be too hasty to inflict punishment: for “vengeance is mine,” says the Lord, “who willeth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted, and live.” To God, therefore, let us leave him—only observing, that, while he was thus shamefully and wickedly squandering his valuable days, and with cruel ingratitude wounding the hearts of his affectionate parents, who were grieved almost to distraction by his obstinate neglect of his studies, Mr. Wilmore, a distant relative of the family, by the assistance of an ingenious attorney, discovered a flaw in Mr. Johnson’s title to the Yorkshire estate, and im-

mediately commenced a suit, to wrest it from him.

After a tedious and expensive process in Chancery, which continued during several successive years, the property was finally adjudged to Mr. Wilmore; and Mr. Johnson lost, not only the possession, but, together with it, his seat also in the house of commons: for, the parliament being dissolved about that time, and a new election ensuing, Mr. Wilmore, now proprietor of the estate, was of course returned member for the borough belonging to it.

The expenses of the Chancery suit had devoured considerable sums of money; so that Mr. Johnson, though ever accustomed to live

within the bounds of his income, had but a very scanty supply of cash remaining in the hands of his banker at the time when he lost possession of the Yorkshire estate. Thus circumstanced, he felt himself extremely embarrassed, and was for some time unable to determine what course he should thenceforward pursue. But, while anxiously deliberating on the choice of a plan, and considering how he might best provide for the future subsistence and welfare of his son, an event occurred, which materially influenced and hastened his determination.

Some years before, he had become surety, to a considerable amount, for Mr. Freeport, a merchant in the City, who was connected by mar-

riage with a distant branch of his family: and, to complete the measure of his calamities, Mr. Freeport having lately been ruined by an unsuccessful speculation in trade, that gentleman's creditors now came upon Mr. Johnson, to recover the sum for which he had passed his security. The money in the hands of his banker, far from being adequate to meet this sudden and un-expected demand, was scarcely sufficient to pay his own debts to his different tradesmen. Such a host of misfortunes, all together crowding upon him as if by concert, would have tempted a man of less integrity to disappoint his creditors, and avoid paying his debts: but Mr. Johnson, being a gentleman of strict honor,

determined to satisfy every claimant, even if absolute beggary were to be the consequence. For the accomplishment of that noble resolve, he was obliged to sell, not only his sheep and oxen in Yorkshire, but also his horses and his carriages, his plate and his costly furniture, together with his elegant house in Berkeley Square. Even his wife's jewels were not spared : and, when all was sold, and every debt paid, he had exactly three hundred pounds remaining.

Three hundred pounds are but a scanty pittance : yet, to some men of abilities, they would prove a fortune, and would enable them, in a few years, to acquire considerable wealth, and ride independent in

their carriages. Luckily, indeed, Mr. Johnson was not deficient in endowments, natural or acquired : besides being a very excellent scholar, he had a remarkable taste for painting, with a happy talent for taking likenesses, and had, for his amusement, at different times, drawn pictures of all his intimate acquaintance, which were much admired, not only by his friends, but even by professed artists, whom the spirit of rivalry would naturally render less disposed to flatter him.

Had he offered his services to the public as a portrait-painter, there could have been no doubt of his acquiring money sufficient to live, if not in his former affluence and splendor, at least in very comfor-

table mediocrity. But he felt his pride so severely hurt at the idea of being employed for hire by those persons with whom he had formerly associated upon terms of equality, and even by his inferiors, that he could not brook the thought of making the attempt in England. Hearing, however, that portrait-painters were very scarce and very well paid in America, he resolved to seek refuge and employment in that distant quarter of the globe.

Accordingly, he first provided himself with a sufficient stock of colors, pencils, and every other article requisite for the profession which he intended to embrace: he next set apart a sum to purchase sea-stores, pay his passage across the Atlantic, and leave in his

pocket a few guineas for immediate use on his landing in America; and, with the residue, he purchased an assortment of cutlery, from which he had been taught to expect a handsome profit on his arrival in Philadelphia; for which place he set sail, with his wife and son, about the end of May.

They commenced their voyage with a fair wind, and, for ten days, steadily pursued their due course. During that time, no event occurred worthy of notice, except the appearance of a beautiful phænomenon, which is sometimes observed at sea, though very rarely; for it very rarely happens that the causes, which together combine to give it existence, are found to co-operate precisely within the sphere of the

navigator's observation. On this occasion, they did co-operate:—the wind blowing pretty fresh, and from the proper point, to throw the spray into an advantageous position—the sun shining extremely bright, and obliquely darting his rays on the bursting waves, in such direction, as to form, with the spectator's eye, the exact angle requisite to produce the wondrous effect—innumerable small rainbows were seen at once starting forth to view, and vanishing, in rapid succession—all within a limited space in the quarter opposed to the sun—where the showery spray of each wave, as tossed from its curling top by the wind, offered to the astonished sight the momentary exhibi-

tion of a perfect rainbow, though of diminished size. The enjoyment of this magnificent spectacle continued for a considerable time, until, the sun having risen beyond a certain altitude, and ceased to form the proper angle on the spray, the watery mirror no longer reflected his rays in the same manner to the navigator's eye.

A few days after this a calm of some hours' continuance afforded an opportunity of trying a curious experiment.—An empty quart bottle being closely corked, the cork and mouth were well coated with pitch, and covered with a piece of strong sail-cloth, tightly strained, and fast tied round the neck. This covering being also pitched, the

bottle was let down into the water, and, by means of a heavy leaden weight, sunk to the depth of about sixty fathoms.

During the preparations that were made for this experiment, some of the passengers asserted that the bottle would be crushed to pieces by the irresistible pressure of the water at so great a depth : others maintained that the roundness of its shape would enable it to resist the pressure. Mr. Johnson gave an opinion quite different from either, but was laughed at by both parties. At length, however, the bottle was drawn up ; and, agreeably to Mr. Johnson's prediction, it came up safe, sound, and full of water. The water which it con-

tained, was much cooler than that at the surface of the ocean; the influence of the solar rays being unable to penetrate to so great a depth. —The cork had been driven into the bottle, though, to all appearance, no human power could have forced it down in the open air, without bursting the neck. The canvas too, though so tightly strained and so securely bound, had been forced about half an inch down into the neck of the bottle: but the coating of pitch remained uninjured, and betrayed not the smallest visible aperture, that could have been supposed to have admitted the water, which therefore must have forced its way through the invisible pores of the pitch, as mercury, by

the aid of the air-pump, is made to force its way through the pores of wood.

Soon after this experiment, a favorable breeze sprang up, which continued, without variation, for several days; and, after three weeks of prosperous navigation, Mr. Johnson had the pleasure of learning from the captain that the ship had now performed half her course, and that, if the wind continued equally propitious, he hoped, in three weeks more, to drop anchor in Delaware bay. Enlivened by this agreeable intelligence, and having, at that season of the year, every reasonable prospect of happily terminating his voyage, he indulged himself at dinner with an extra glass from

his scanty store of wine, allowed himself a similar indulgence at supper, and, at a late hour, retired to rest, as happy and contented, as a man in his circumstances could be supposed to be.

Pleasing dreams ensued.—He fancied himself already settled in Philadelphia, and that he had just finished a portrait of General Washington, which gave such universal satisfaction, that the Congress immediately passed a resolution for employing him to draw likenesses of all the surviving members of the old Congress who had first voted the independence of America. These pictures, he thought, were intended to adorn the federal hall; and a considerable sum was voted for that

purpose. Cheered by the prospect which now opened before him, he felt himself as happy at this moment, as at any former period in his whole life. Already, from the fancied profits of his new profession, he had ideally purchased, at a cheap rate, a princely extent of territory in the back country of Kentucky, which, in a few years, would by far out-value his late possessions in Yorkshire: already, in fond imagination, he saw his posterity members of Congress, and one of them even a candidate for the presidency of the United States, with a strong probability of success in his pursuit.

But, in the midst of these pleasing delusions, he was suddenly roused from his slumbers before day-break,

by a tumultuous uproar, and the hasty trampling of feet over his head ; when, starting instantly from his couch, and running up on deck, he heard several voices crying out that the vessel was sinking ; and, by the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, he saw the crew preparing to hoist out the boats, and abandon the ship.

Harry, too, having been disturbed by the noise, rose from his bed, and followed his father to the deck ; where, hearing of the danger to which the vessel was exposed, he was sorely terrified. He shuddered at the idea of being devoured alive by sharks and other monsters of the deep : but he was still more afraid of what might befall him in the

other world after death. His perverse and wanton waste of his time now rushed back in terrors upon his recollection; and he dreaded the severest punishment from the wrath of God, who will demand a strict account of all our moments, and will reward or punish us according as we have well or ill spent that time which he has allotted to us upon earth. He now would gladly have recalled those lost hours and days and years, that he might better employ them: but those hours and days and years were all irrevocably fled, and had left him nought behind, but stupid ignorance and un-availing regret.

As to his father, *he* was not alarmed at the thoughts of death. He had

ever been a good and virtuous man: he had not to reproach himself with any crime: and the good man, whose conscience is free from guilt, is not afraid of that grim phantom, Death, whom he considers only as the friendly usher who is to introduce him to the presence of his almighty father and sovereign in a better world, where he is sure of being rewarded for his meritorious deeds. If the transit from this to the other life be sometimes painful, he knows that the pain unlocks the door to future joy ; and he resignedly submits to it, as the way-worn traveler, returning to his wished-for home, submits to the jolting and spattering of a rugged, dirty road, and to all the inclemencies of the weather

—because he well knows, that, without reconciling himself to these temporary inconveniences, he cannot expect to enjoy those lasting pleasures which await him on his arrival. Perhaps even, after the calamities that he had suffered, and the melancholy reverse which had taken place in his fortune, death might have been more welcome to Mr. Johnson, than life; though, with the resignation of a true Christian, he thought it his duty to acquiesce in the dispensations of heaven, and patiently to bear the burden of an irksome existence, as long as it should please the Almighty to protract its duration; without daring to rebel against his maker, and meanly to escape from the pressure

of adversity by a cowardly act of suicide: for cowardly he deemed it, as well as impious, and was often heard to repeat two excellent lines of the pagan poet, Martial, importing, that, when Fortune frowns, no great courage is shown in daring to die, but true courage consists in daring to live*.

But, though not afraid of simple death, Mr. Johnson was shocked at the idea of being obliged to quit the sinking vessel, and commit himself, with a beloved wife and child, to a small boat, to row fifteen hundred miles on the dreary ocean, whether

* *Rebus in angustis facile est contemnere vitam.*

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

they directed their course for Europe or America—or, at least, five or six hundred, if they steered for the Azores, or Western Islands, which were then the nearest land. The hardships of such a voyage in an open boat, without a covering to shelter them from the wind or rain, or from the dashing of the Atlantic waves, must have been dreadful beyond conception to a lady and a child so delicately reared as they had been, and accustomed to every indulgence that wealth could procure. Still more dreadful, however, was the idea, that, after having been tossed by contrary winds for several weeks, they might at last be reduced to the alternative of either perishing by hunger, or cast-

ing lots to determine which of the unfortunate sufferers should be killed, that the survivors might feed upon his flesh—a dire alternative, to which wretched mariners have sometimes been driven !

Such were the torturing reflexions which now crowded upon Mr. Johnson's mind. Afraid, however, of increasing the terror of his wife and child, he mastered his feelings on this trying occasion, and did not, by a single word or look, betray the painful sensations which harrowed up his soul ; but silently looked around him, observing every thing that was said or done, that he might the more clearly discover the true state of the case.

On the deck stood the captain,

whose countenance displayed that cool determined courage which is the natural result of habitual acquaintance with danger. Full oft, amid the uproar of Atlantic storms, he had, with the eye of fancy, beheld gigantic Death striding over the tops of the mountain billows, and each moment threatening to invade his defenceless ship : but he had learned to behold him without a single sensation of unmanly terror ; and, on the present occasion, he was seen calmly giving his orders to the tumultuous crew, and chiding them for their over-hasty alarm. He consented to the boats being cleared, and put into a state of readiness, but forbade them to be hoisted out. Tackles were accord-

ingly prepared ; and the boats were securely slung, to be ready for the last emergency ; after which, he ordered the carpenter, with all the hands who could be spared from the deck, to go down into the hold, and endeavour to detect the cause of the mischief.

On examination, the danger did not appear so imminent as had, in the first moments of terror, been apprehended : yet it proved sufficiently serious to alarm the boldest mariner on board. During the night, the end of a plank in the fore part of the vessel had started from its fastenings ; and the water was seen rushing with great violence through the opening, though not in such quan-

tity as to threaten immediate submersion. Upon this discovery, the captain instantly ordered a spare sail to be produced; and, having directed a sufficient portion of it to be thickly covered with locks of oakum, hastily sewed on, and copiously smeared with tar, he caused it to be drawn down over the chink, and secured with ropes passing under the ship's bottom. This being done—the weight of the sea pressing against the sail as the vessel moved forward, so far closed the aperture with the oakum, that there was no longer any danger of the water coming in faster than the crew could pump it out, provided they used due diligence.

That innate love of life, which

the Almighty has, for a wise purpose, implanted in the heart of every animated being, spurred them on to make their utmost exertions: four men were incessantly employed at the pumps by day and by night, to keep the ship afloat; and, such critical emergencies admitting no distinction or respect of persons, Mr. Johnson and the other male passengers were obliged to take their turn with the common sailors at the laborious drudgery of working the pumps.

At length, after severe distress, fatigue, and alarm, the vessel safely anchored in the Delaware, and Mr. Johnson, with his family, landed at Philadelphia about the twentieth of July. Here he learned with plea-

sure that his boxes of cutlery promised to prove a lucrative speculation; and he soon found a person willing to purchase them at even a higher price than he had been taught to expect. What, therefore, must have been his feelings, when, eagerly hasting to unpack the boxes, he found their contents all damaged by the salt water which had made its way into the ship's hold, and so much depreciated by that unfortunate event, that, instead of gaining by the sale, he lost above two thirds of the money which the goods had originally cost him!

In *his* circumstances, this was a severe stroke; and it sorely preyed upon his spirits, which were already

broken down, as well by his misfortune in England, as by the fatigue of pumping, and the want of rest, during the latter half of the voyage. Nor was this the whole of his calamity: it was now the middle of the dog-days—the most dangerous time of the year for an unseasoned European to arrive in America. Had he deferred his voyage for a couple of months, and contrived to land there after the middle or end of September, all might yet have been well. But his eager impatience to escape from the insulting sneers of some of his former acquaintance, and the no less insulting pity of others, had urged him to accelerate his departure, without sufficiently consider-

ing the effects of climate or season : and now, bodily fatigue and vexation of spirit being joined to the intolerable dog-day heat of a sultry clime, he was seised by a violent fever, which carried him off within a fortnight after his arrival.

Happy for him was the transit from a world of woe to a world of bliss ; but not so for his widowed wife and orphan child, whom he thus left helpless and friendless in a strange land. Mrs. Johnson did not long survive him, but died of a broken heart in less than three months from the day of his decease. After the loss on the sale of the cutlery, and the un-avoidable expenses of sickness, there remained little more money in young Harry's

possession at the time of her death, than was sufficient to defray the charges of her funeral, even in that country, where neither mates nor hearses nor mourning-coaches are seen in the funeral procession, but a sober, solemn, un-expensive simplicity characterises the last awful ceremony of consigning a departed friend to the grave.

Harry was now about fourteen years old, an almost penniless-stranger in a foreign land, deprived of the last friend to whom he could have looked up for aid and protection. His grief for the loss of so affectionate a mother would, under any circumstances, have been great; but, in his present condition, it was great beyond conception.



HARRY at the FUNERAL.



Having accompanied her remains to the place of burial—on seeing the coffin let down into the grave, he uttered a loud shriek of wild despair, which pierced the heart of every person present, and particularly attracted the attention of the clergyman who was reading the funeral service.

Less boisterous, though not less sincere, was the grief of Dick Hobson at the burial of *his* mother. Dick was the son of Thomas Hobson, Mr. Johnson's cow-herd on the Yorkshire estate—and was of nearly the same age as Master Harry, having been born about a month after him. Two years before Mr. Johnson's departure from England, Dick had witnessed the death of

his mother, who, though a low-bred, ignorant peasant, had nevertheless been to him a tender and affectionate parent. Dick loved her sincerely, sincerely regretted her loss, and, when he attended her remains to the grave, wept bitterly indeed, but wept in silence, without uttering either a shriek or a word. Young as he was, he had learned to consider death in its true light, as only a passage to a better world : and, although he could not forbear to indulge his natural affection for his mother by shedding a flood of tears ; yet the consolatory reflexion, that she was gone to receive the reward of her humble virtues in a place where she should never more experience poverty or

pain, restrained him from breaking out into any noisy exclamations of intemperate grief.

Such philosophic resignation, blended with such tender sensibility, would have done honor to the head and the heart of the best educated youth of his years : it was still more admirable in the son of a cow-herd. But, however mean his birth and condition, he had, by a fortunate and singular concurrence of events, been blest with advantages in point of education, which rarely fall to the lot of persons in his lowly sphere. His father, it is true, was an illiterate rustic, who knew as little of reading or writing as any one of the cows intrusted to his care : but he

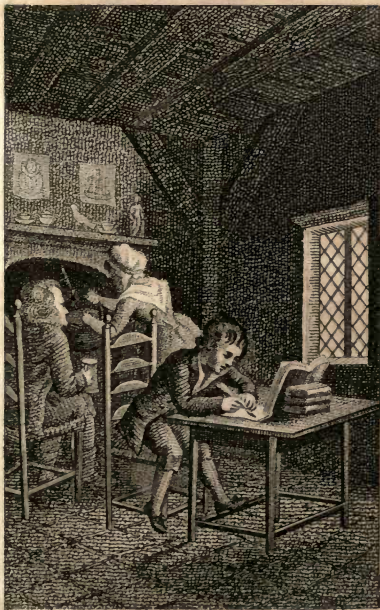
was a sober, sensible, prudent man, affectionately attached to his son, and anxiously ambitious to promote the boy's welfare and advancement in the world :—in short, Thomas Hobson was, in every acceptation of the word, a very good father, who might have served as a model to many fathers of much superior rank. Ignorant as he was himself, he had heard so much of the advantages of learning, that he had early determined to give Dick as large a portion of it as he could afford. Accordingly, as soon as the child had reached the age of five years, he sent him to the village school, kept by Mr. Wilson, to whom he paid three pence per week for his education.

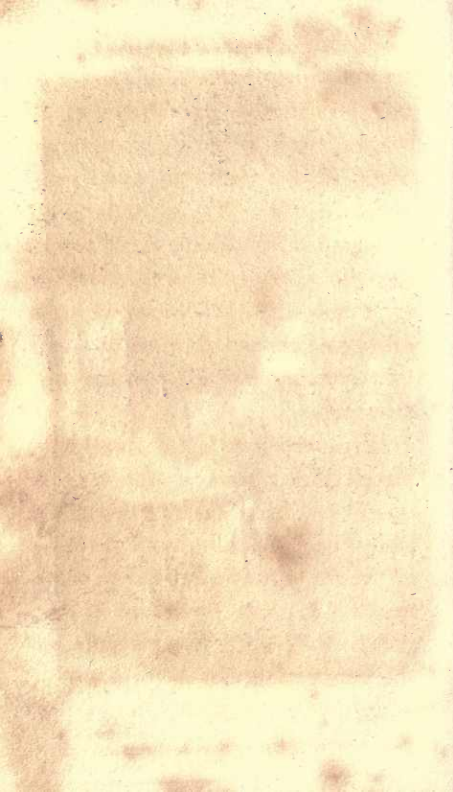
Inheriting his father's disposition, and taught by his example, Dick was careful, attentive, and diligent. Being fond of his book, he soon learned to spell and read, and made uncommonly rapid progress in his learning, insomuch that, before he was seven years old, he could read the Common Prayer and lessons at church as fluently as the parish clerk, and correctly pronounce many hard names in the Bible, which might perhaps have puzzled even a better scholar than the parish clerk. In process of time, young Dick was taught writing and arithmetic ; and so fond was he of handling his pen, that, whenever he received a few halfpence from any gentleman, whose horse he had

happened to hold, or for whom he had opened a gate, he instantly ran to lay out the money in paper, and amused himself with writing during his leisure hours at home. Before he was ten years old, he had, besides a variety of other pieces, copied out, in a fair hand, the entire history of Joseph and his brethren from the Bible, and that of Whittington and his cat from a little penny book which his father had purchased for him at a fair. He was particularly delighted with Whittington's history, which showed that even a beggar may sometimes, by attentive industry, raise himself from poverty to wealth and greatness.

In arithmetic he made a remark-

Dick's Amusement.





able proficiency, and, by the age of eleven, was perfectly acquainted with all the common rules, inso-much that Mr. Wilson, his master, was glad of his assistance in teaching the younger boys; in return for which service, he now not only taught Dick for nothing, but paid extraordinary attention to his improvement.

Fortunate was Dick in being placed under the care of such a man: for Mr. Wilson, though a poor village school-master, possessed more knowledge than some teachers in great towns and cities; and he took particular pleasure in communicating that knowledge to so apt a pupil as Dick, who, in due

time, learned from him all the rules of vulgar and decimal fractions, and became a tolerable proficient in book-keeping.

Mr. Wilson, moreover, seeing how fond the boy was of reading, had lent to him, one after the other, every book in his little library, which consisted of about forty volumes; and these Dick had read through with great avidity and attention, carefully enriching his mind with their valuable contents.

Forty volumes, however, were far from sufficient to satisfy Dick's thirst of knowledge: and, as he approached the end of his career through Mr. Wilson's library, he was often heard to express his re-

gret that his progress should so soon be stopped, for want of a further supply of books.

Luckily, however, for Dick, an event occurred about this period, which, for a time, relieved his mind from all anxiety on the subject of reading. William Brown, his maternal uncle, came to settle in his father's neighbourhood. Several years before, Brown had enlisted in the army as a common soldier ; and, being soon noticed by his officers as a sober, steady, orderly man, he had hopes given him of being raised to the rank of corporal, if he could but read and write. Poor Brown could do neither : but, unwilling that his ignorance should prove a bar to his preferment, he

purchased instruction from one of his comrades, at the expense of occasionally doing duty for him, and cleaning his arms and accoutrements. He thus attained the object of his wishes, was in due time appointed corporal, and, having distinguished himself by his good conduct in the American war, was further promoted to the rank of serjeant. He had received some wounds in the service, and, being now discharged on a pension, returned to spend the remainder of his days in his native village, carrying with him in the waggon a small trunk of books, which had been bequeathed to him, together with some clothes and money, by an officer of his regiment, who

died on board the ship on the passage home from America, and whose life he had formerly saved in battle, at the risk of his own.

This trunk of books proved a treasure to Dick : his uncle allowed him the free use of them all ; and Dick eagerly availed himself of that indulgence. Nor did his good fortune end here. His passion for learning was further gratified by Mr. Penrose, a reduced gentleman, who came to board at a neighbouring farm-house, and for whom he occasionally went on errands to the market-town, a few miles distant. That gentleman had a small, but well chosen, collection of books—a circumstance, which eventually proved advantageous to Dick : for

Mr. Penrose—being highly pleased with the lad's cheerfulness and punctuality in executing his various commissions, and having understood that he was fond of reading—determined to indulge him in that respect, if he found that he could do it with safety. Accordingly, as a trial, he first ventured to trust him with a volume of trifling value ; after which, on finding that the youth returned it within a reasonable time perfectly safe and clean, he lent him others in succession. Dick profited so well by this advantage, that, at the time of his mother's death, when he was only twelve years old, he was tolerably well acquainted with history and geography, had pretty accu-

rate notions of English grammar, and reasoned on religious subjects with a correctness which could hardly have been expected at his age. Hence that exemplary behaviour at his mother's funeral, which at once proved him to be an affectionate son, and a pious, rational Christian.

Such was Dick, but considerably improved, and still daily improving, when, at the age of fourteen, he saw his father suddenly dismissed from his employment, in consequence of 'Squire Johnson's losing the estate, and selling off the cattle to pay his debts.

Old Hobson, though sincerely grieved for the misfortune which had befallen a good and kind ma-

ster, did not feel any great regret on his own or his son's account. They were not left destitute: for Thomas, being a sober, economic man, had, partly from his own earnings and perquisites during a long series of years spent in 'Squire Johnson's service, partly from his wife's earnings and a couple of small legacies, contrived to save upwards of a hundred pounds, which he kept carefully concealed under the hearth-stone in his cottage, in solid, heavy guineas. With that sum, he might have taken a small farm in the neighbourhood: but his brother-in-law, Serjeant Brown, had given him so pleasing an account of America—had so extolled the cheapness and fertility of the soil,

and the ease with which any man can there gain a comfortable livelihood, who is at all able and willing to work—that he had long been determined to remove with his son to that happy region, and only waited to add a few pounds more to the hundred which he had already amassed.

His sudden dismissal, however, wrought a change in his intentions: he at once renounced the idea of staying any longer in England to increase his wealth, and resolved not to try a new master, but to embark for America by the first opportunity. Accordingly, having disposed of his cottage with what little furniture it contained, and carefully sewed up his guineas in

the back of his waistcoat, he set out on foot with his son Dick, and, after three days' march, safely reached the town of Hull, where he found a vessel preparing to sail for New York.

Having first agreed with the captain for his own and his son's passage in the steerage, and paid the price in advance, he next proceeded, agreeably to Serjeant Brown's directions, to lay out the remainder of his money (with the reserve of only three guineas) in the purchase of such articles as he should himself have occasion for in America, or might sell to advantage on his arrival. Those three guineas, which he reserved, and still kept safe in the back of his waistcoat, were in-

tended as a provision against unforeseen expenses on his landing, not for the purchase of sea-stores: for Thomas and his son—being, both, hale and hearty, and having been accustomed to hard living—did not require delicacies, but were content to live with the sailors on the common ship's fare.

The vessel having taken in her cargo, and every thing being now ready, Thomas and his son embarked, and proceeded on their voyage, about a month previous to Mr. Johnson's departure from England.

They had not been many days at sea, when a remarkable mortality took place among the fowls which the cabin passengers had brought

on board, as provision for the voyage. But a circumstance, even more remarkable than the mortality itself, was, that the fowls always died in the night ; hardly a night passing, which did not witness the death of one or two of their number.

When first these sudden deaths were announced, the passengers, influenced by that disgust which Englishmen habitually harbour against the flesh of any creature that has died of old age or disease, ordered the dead fowls to be thrown overboard : but the mate opportunely interposed to save them, observing to the gentlemen that common sailors were not over-nice in that respect—that even the dead fowls would be a treat to the crew, and

the poor fellows would be glad to eat them with their salt beef. Permission was accordingly granted; and, as a fowl or two died almost every night, the “poor fellows” had, almost every day, a fowl or two for dinner; while the gentlemen in the cabin did not always allow themselves that indulgence, for fear of too rapidly consuming their stock, which was already beginning to be very sensibly diminished by those nightly deaths, added to the daily consumption at the cabin table.

In this train matters proceeded for a fortnight: various were the causes assigned for that un-accountable mortality; various were the remedies proposed; but no expedient

could be devised, to check its progress. At the end of that time, however, Thomas Hobson discovered both the cause and the cure.

Having accidentally overheard the conversation of two of the sailors, he clearly learned from it that they themselves designedly killed the fowls during the night, with the certain expectation of feasting on them at dinner the next day, as they well knew, from experience, that genteel cabin passengers would never consent to taste a fowl which they supposed to be tainted with disease: and the mate, it seems, was not only privy to the roguish scheme, but active, moreover, in promoting its success.

Although Thomas was a gainer

by this knavish trick of the sailors, who allowed him a share of the fowls at dinner, yet his strong sense of honesty prompted him to impart this discovery to the cabin passengers, who thereupon held a private consultation, and formed a counter-scheme, to save the remainder of their fowls from those nocturnal depredators.

Pursuant to their pre-concerted plan—when next they were informed that two had died during the night, “Gentlemen,” said Mr. Green to his fellow passengers in the hearing of the crew, “it is well known that the Chinese unscrupulously feed on the flesh of animals that have died a natural death ;

nor do we learn that any harm or inconvenience ensues from the use of such food. What does not poison a Chinese, can hardly poison an Englishman : at all events, let us try : and, if we dislike the fowls when cooked, let us throw them overboard ; for I cannot approve the idea of suffering the honest tars to feed on what we should deem unwholesome for ourselves....What say you, gentlemen ?”

The proposal being unanimously applauded—the dead fowls being eaten in the cabin—and the sailors seeing that they no longer had any hope of deriving advantage from their roguery—the nightly mortality all at once ceased ; and, from

that time forward, not another fowl died on the passage, except under the cook's knife.

Some unthinking people, who have not proper notions of right and wrong, would consider Thomas Hobson as a fool, for making a disclosure, by which he was himself likely to be a loser. But Thomas, though an illiterate peasant, had more correct ideas on the subject, than they : for he had, even from his childhood, been punctually regular in joining the congregation at church on Sundays, and had carefully attended to the sound practical doctrine preached by a truly pious and sensible pastor. Taught by that worthy man, and further confirmed in his opinion by

those moral and religious books which his son had been used to read to him at leisure hours, he rightly considered, that, whether we lose or gain by honest upright conduct, it is our incumbent duty to pursue it at all events: and he was frequently heard to say, that, though knavery may *sometimes* thrive for *a while*, yet, in the main, honesty is the safest policy, and will always succeed best in the end.

So indeed it happened on this occasion: for the cabin passengers, in grateful acknowledgement of Hobson's disinterested integrity, every day took care to send to him from their own table a plate of something much better than the common ship's fare. At the same time,

to punish the mate for his criminal connivance at the sailors' roguery, and the deception he had practised on themselves by his insidious suggestions respecting the disposal of the dead fowls, they never once, during the remainder of the voyage, treated him with a single glass of their wines or *liqueurs*, or imparted to him the smallest share of their fowls, or other delicacies.

While he and his nightly ravagers of the hen-coop were silently grieving for the loss of their wonted regales at the passengers' expense, a ravager of a different species made his appearance.—“ A shark ! a shark !” cried one of the men upon watch—“ A shark ! a shark !” echoed from every part of the ship ;

and in an instant the passengers were all upon deck, to view the formidable foe.

At a small distance astern, he steadily followed the vessel, and seemed fiercely to eye his beholders, as if indignant that he could not spring out of the water, to seise his prey on the very deck. But he little knew that he was himself in greater danger than they—little knew the immense superiority which God has given to the human species over every other class of animated nature—a superiority resulting from that inestimable gift, the intellectual faculty, which enables feeble diminutive man to subdue the largest, the strongest, the fiercest of the brute creation.

Preparations were speedily made to catch the monster. Connected with a strong line by four or five feet of iron chain, a large hook, baited with a couple of pounds of salt pork, was thrown out into the waves. It had not long floated in the water, till the shark, slowly turning up his breast, and bending back his head, wide opened his capacious jaws, and quickly closed them on the bait. The men who had charge of the line, being inexperienced in shark-catching, pulled the rope before he had completely gulped down the pork; the hook tore his jaw: his blood was seen to tinge the waters: but the felon himself was not taken.

Had this ravager possessed the

sagacity of a dog or a cat, or even of an ass, all might yet have been well with him, and he might have escaped at the expense of that laceration and loss of blood. But wisely and mercifully has the Almighty ordained that the most destructive animals should be deficient in some quality which would render them too surely, too extensively destructive—should be swayed by some propensity, or checked by some incapacity, which either throws them into the power of man, or at least enables man and other creatures to elude their rapacious fury.

The effect of that wise dispensation was clearly shown by the shark in question.—On receiving the

wound, he shook his head, wagged his tail, turned away from the ship, and, for a while, seemed disposed to renounce the hope of prey. But this disposition did not long continue : for, before he had retreated from the navigators' sight, he again turned to the vessel, again followed it, first at some distance, then, more nearly approaching, again rushed on the bait. Again he was wounded: again he escaped as before ; and, after a repetition of the same procedure on his part, the same thing happened a third time. Three times was he hooked and lacerated; three times was his blood distinctly seen to flow : yet so greedy was his rapacity, so gross his stupidity, that, even after those re-

peated admonitions, he could not consent to relinquish the tempting lure.

On the third failure, a passenger, who had never before seen a shark, and who was almost frantic with disappointed impatience, ran to the captain, who had retired to write in the cabin during that quiet interval of leisure and silence which the general absence of the passengers afforded him. He now interrupted his writing, and quickly repaired to the quarter-deck, to superintend the operations.

A fourth time the monster snatched at the bait; when, instead of hastily pulling the rope as before, the sailors were now directed to give out plenty of line. On swal-

lowing the meat, the shark instantly turned tail upon the vessel, and was deliberately sailing off—little aware of what was shortly to ensue. When he had reached the full extent of the line, the sudden shock of resistance fastened the hook deep into his maw, and, with a rapid jerk, forcibly whirled him round. The felon was now inextricably secured: but it would have been too dangerous to have immediately taken him on board the vessel. He was suffered to hang on the hook; and, in spite of his angry efforts to bite asunder the iron chain, he was reluctantly dragged along, plunging and writhing in agony, until his strength was in some degree exhausted by his unavailing struggles.

When at length it was deemed safe to drag the captive on board, the line was pulled in, and he was hauled to the ship's side: then, a running noose, being dextrously placed round his throat, and another round his body—and the other end of each rope being passed through a block (or pulley) at the yard-arm—his own weight drawing the nooses tight, he was hoisted out of his native element, while a sufficient number of men, properly armed for his reception, stood posted on the main deck, but at cautious distance. When lowered upon deck, they all together rushed on him with boat-hooks and spears, and, overpowering his furious resistance, pinned him down to the board, though not without exposing

themselves to danger in their first onset.

When a shark is thus secured, it is customary to rip him open, and examine the contents of his maw. In the present case, that bloody operation was duly performed; and, during its performance, the agonised monster made violent and convulsive struggles to liberate himself from confinement, and wreak his vengeance on his torturers. With the lashing of his tail on the deck, he made the ship resound; and, while his eyes seemed starting out of his head with rage, he made repeated efforts to heave himself up, and tear the persons nearest to him—wide stretching his terrific jaws, and displaying

five rows of strong sharp teeth—each shaped like a surgeon's lancet, and minutely notched along the edges like a fine saw—which were seen starting up for action as he opened his mouth, and again falling flat upon the gums as he closed it.

Armed with such destructive teeth, and endued with prodigious muscular power in the jaws, no wonder that the shark can bite off a man's leg or thigh with as great ease (if the reader will excuse the comparison) as a cow can bite a carrot. But, confined as he now was, neither his teeth nor his muscular powers aught availed him. His maw was opened and ransacked; and the first objects, which there presented themselves to view,

exhibited a convincing proof that the shark does not chew his food, but gulps it down in great solid mouthfuls, like those voracious clowns in some parts of England, who *bolt* down their bacon in large gobbets, without employing their teeth.

Those objects—exclusive of the bait, for which he paid his forfeit life—were two other pieces of pork, each about the same size as that which our navigators had successfully used in decoying him to his doom. Of these, the one was perfectly sound and un-injured: the other, though slightly affected on the surface by the digestive powers of the stomach, still retained its original form and solidity; and both

together furnished unquestionable evidence that they had not undergone the process of mastication.

Besides these, another object was discovered—a gold watch, with its chain and seals.—Though it appeared, on examination, that the works of the watch had been materially impaired by lying a considerable time in the shark's maw, yet the number and maker's name were still perfectly legible: and, exclusive of these evidences, the owner's name on the gold case, with his cipher and crest on the seals, would have been more than sufficient to lead to a discovery. Accordingly, it was soon recognised by a gentleman on board, as the identical watch that he himself, about two

years before, had given to his only son, a promising youth of eighteen, then setting out on a West-India voyage, in which he unfortunately fell overboard, and was drowned.

The shock, which the hapless parent received on this heart-rending recognition, may more easily be conceived than described. Even the rough sailors sympathised with him; and their sympathy for him rendered them perhaps more alert and active in consummating the execution of the shark.

After the examination of his maw, they chopped off his head, which they kept, for the purpose of stripping and drying the jaws, to be preserved as a curiosity. And now, agreeably to the usual practice of na-

vigators, the cook—a West-Indian negro—was preparing to cut off a piece of a few pounds near the tail for the captain's table, and a much larger piece toward the middle for the ship's crew: but so great was the disgust and abhorrence of every white man on board to feed upon a monster which had evidently devoured one of their fellow men, that even the common sailors unanimously cried out to have the carcase thrown overboard. Otherwise, though coarse and rank, they would have made a hearty meal of it, and been as highly pleased to catch a shark every day, as are the Portuguese fishermen, who sell at least one species of shark for food in the market at Oporto.

Severe and painful as was the execution of the shark, that merciless destroyer may perhaps be thought to have justly deserved it. But, in the eye of the all-just Creator, who, with impartial care, equally watches over the welfare of all his creatures, such punishment would, no doubt, appear highly criminal, if inflicted on a poor harmless porpoise—which, far from being an enemy to man, may rather be considered as a friend to navigators, to whom, by his appearance, he gives notice of approaching storms, and, on such occasions, by steering his course direct before the wind, marks the precise point of heaven whence the tempest is preparing to sally forth.

One day, while the ship was sailing right before a fresh breeze at the rate of full ten miles an hour, a party of those sportive creatures came to play their frolicsome gambols within sight. They crossed close under her bows—darted off to the right as far as the eye could trace them—then suddenly wheeling, again crossed her course—scudded as far to the left—and thus accompanied her during two or three hours, continually crossing and re-crossing, while the ship still pursued her rapid way at the same unvarying rate.

An observant passenger, who had stood near two hours on the fore-castle to watch their motions—considering, that, notwithstanding their

long zig-zag deviations to the right and left, they still kept a-head of the vessel—declared his firm belief that they must have sailed at least thirty or forty miles an hour. Whether or not that gentleman was mistaken in his calculation—for it is utterly impossible to ascertain the point in question—most certain it is, that no terrestrial animal can at all equal the velocity of their course—nor any other fish, with which man is acquainted. With strict propriety, therefore, does the ingenious Mr. Falconer, in his elegant poem of the “Shipwreck,” characterise the porpoises as

“ the fleetest coursers of the finny race.”

CANTO 2, 217.

But their fleetness does not always secure them against the machinations of man, the universal tyrant of the brute creation. On the present occasion, some of the passengers having testified a wish to see one of them caught, the captain undertook to gratify them by striking one with a harpoon—the only mode, he said, of taking them, as he had never known a porpoise to catch at a bait of any kind.

The captain was a tall, muscular man, full six feet high—broad-built, robust, and powerful, in proportion to his size—and likewise a good marksman. For the execution of his purpose, he took his station at the bow, brandishing a barbed spear, or single-pronged

harpoon, with a long shaft—not intended as a missile, but to be used as a hand-weapon. With this, exerting his utmost strength, he made a downward thrust at one of the poor harmless creatures, which had incautiously ventured too near the ship ; and, with un-erring aim, he inflicted on him a deep wound, as the sequel unquestionably proved.

The porpoise, however, escaped—having, by a sudden convulsive jerk, extricated himself from the barbed point of the spear. Yet he escaped not without loss in addition to the wound : for, when the weapon was drawn up, a piece of his entrails was seen sticking on the barbs. And such was the force with which he had darted aside on

receiving the stroke, that it had considerably bent the round iron shank of the harpoon, though it was perhaps three quarters of an inch in diameter.

If the poor unfortunate porpoise had little reason to congratulate himself on his acquaintance with man, the captain had as little reason to boast of his exploit: for the shock, given by the wounded animal in that convulsive jerk, so jarred his arm and shoulder, that, for near a week, he could hardly lift his hand to his head without a sensation of pain—though not very violent or alarming, yet sufficient to revive an unpleasing recollection of the unprovoked and wanton aggression which he had made upon a poor un-offending porpoise.

No other remarkable event occurred to our voyagers during their passage across the Atlantic : pleasant and propitious gales securely wafted them over the broad bosom of the unfathomable deep, where neither rock nor shoal threatens the unwary mariner with shipwreck ; and so favorable was the weather, that the captain disdained to adopt the cautious conduct of more timid commanders in uniformly slackening sail at the close of day, but boldly pursued his course by night under full-spread canvass ; so that, after a prosperous run of thirty-one days, they had come into soundings on the American coast.

Soon were their eyes feasted with a sight of the wished-for shore ; and, at no great distance, the heights of

New York rose to their view. Already, in fond anticipation, they enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of rest and refreshment on solid ground, and were now steering direct for the harbour, when a sudden squall un-expectedly made a furious attack upon their vessel, and, in spite of all the efforts of a skilful pilot seconded by a hardy and vigorous crew, drove her on shore upon the point of Long-Island, where she was soon beaten to pieces by the violence of the waves.

The crew and passengers with difficulty effected their escape from the wreck, in the long-boat and yawl; the former of which, after buffeting the boisterous billows for a considerable time, at length safely

reached the island about sun-set ; and, by the successful exertions of the islanders, the shipwrecked sufferers were rescued from a watery grave. As to those in the yawl—just as they were on the point of gaining the beach, and a sailor had his hand outstretched to seise the end of a rope humanely thrown forward to them by a person on shore, a mountain surge, bursting over her, whelmed her in the deep; and every individual on board was swallowed up by the merciless waves.

Among the persons thus sunk in untimely death, was Thomas Hobson. His son Dick was among the survivors: for, in the hurry and confusion inseparable from such distressful scenes, Dick had instinc-

tively jumped into the long-boat, and thus escaped a participation of his father's fate. To all appearance, however, it would have been a much more fortunate event for Dick, if he had accompanied his parent to the other world: for here the poor fellow now stood on a foreign shore, unknowing and unknown—suddenly deprived of a good and kind father, and no longer possessing any property under heaven, except the wet clothes on his back, and five shillings in his pocket, which he had received that morning from Mr. Nicols, one of the cabin passengers, as a remuneration for some little services which he had occasionally performed for that gentleman during the voyage.

Thus destitute as he was left in a strange land, the prospect before him was dismal in the extreme: but his grief for the untimely death of his father prevented him from yet bestowing a thought on his own misfortune. He suffered himself to be dragged from the spot by his companions in distress, whom the farmers of the vicinity, with that frank and generous hospitality for which the Americans are remarkable, had invited to take shelter in their houses. By these good men the unfortunate sufferers were furnished with dry clothes, comfortably lodged and entertained for the night; and, the next morning, after a hearty breakfast of coffee, eggs, sausages, dried fish, and smoked

venison, they were conducted by their hosts to the landing-place, whence they crossed the ferry from Long-Island to New York.

Previous to his departure from the island, Dick had related his story to his hospitable entertainer, who directed him to a cheap lodging in the city, and advised him how to proceed. Agreeably to the farmer's directions, immediately on Dick's arrival in New York, his first care was to inquire for the printing-office, and put an advertisement into the newspaper, offering his services as under clerk to any merchant or shop-keeper; and, even in the outset of the business, Dick was very fortunate: for the printer, understanding that he was a poor

shipwrecked orphan, generously refused to accept the quarter-dollar which he must otherwise have paid for the advertisement. Pleased with this first instance of good fortune, Dick next sought the lodging-house to which he had been directed: and, as he had made so substantial a breakfast on Long-Island, he allowed himself no dinner, but fasted during the remainder of the day, with the view of economising his five shillings, and spinning out that scanty supply to the utmost length. At night he indulged himself with a light and un-expensive meal—the half of a penny loaf, and a draught of water ; and, putting his trust in God, to whom he regularly addressed his prayers morning and

evening, he retired to his humble couch, but not to sleep. His mind was too seriously occupied by the horrors of his present forlorn condition; and, however firm his confidence in the almighty goodness, however perfect his resignation to the divine will, he could not banish from his bosom the feelings of human nature. Bewildered in doubt and uncertainty—agitated by alternate hopes and fears—he anxiously awaited the return of day, to see whether his advertisement had produced any effect.

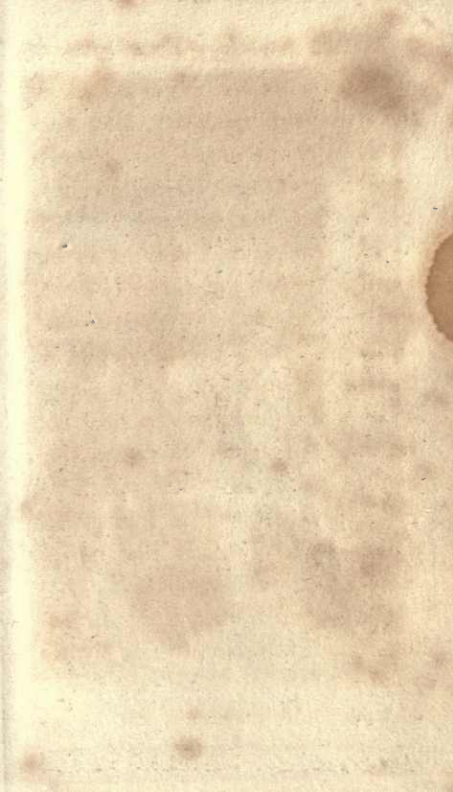
At eight o'clock the next morning, he repaired to the printing-office, but had the mortification to find that no inquiry had yet been made concerning him. The print-

er, however, afforded him a temporary consolation, by informing him that he was come too early—that the public had not yet had time to read the paper—but that, if he would call again after the lapse of two or three hours, perhaps he might then hear of something in his favor.

To poor Diek, that interval was an age. To fill up the time, he walked about the streets, and down by the water-side, admiring the noble and convenient wharfs, as well as the ease and regularity with which he saw numerous ships laden and unladen, without the smallest confusion or interference with each other. Attentive, however, as he was to these novel and interesting

objects, he did not forget to watch the striking of the clock, but, precisely at ten, returned to the printing-office, without having yet broken his fast, for, although his walk by the water-side had whetted his appetite, which was naturally keen, and needed no provocative—and although, in his perambulation of the streets, he had passed the very door of his lodging—he had not ventured to touch the remaining half of his penny loaf, which he cautiously reserved to furnish his dinner—the only meal that he intended to allow himself that day.

His second inquiry at the printing-office was productive of joy beyond expression: for he now learned that a note had been left about



DICK seeking Employment.



five minutes before, desiring the advertiser to call upon Mr. Harvey, an opulent merchant, whose place of abode was pointed out in the note.

Elate with this prospect of success, Dick ran, or rather flew, to the appointed place, but soon had the mortification to observe, that, on his very first appearance, the meanness of his dress, and the foulness of his linen, seemed (as he conjectured) to make an unfavorable impression upon Mr. Harvey's mind. Nor was Dick mistaken in his conjecture: for Mr. Harvey did indeed at first suppose that he certainly must be some graceless, worthless vagabond, or that he would otherwise be more decently dressed; and

this idea had naturally caused him to view the poor fellow with unfriendly eye at the moment of his entrance. Being, however, a humane and considerate man, he determined not to be too hasty in condemning him at first sight, but to inquire who he was, and whence he came.

On learning the particulars of Dick's story, Mr. Harvey at once overlooked the circumstance of his dress, and, with great good-humour, proceeded to examine how far he was qualified to act in the capacity in which he wished to be employed. Dick instantly gave him a specimen of his writing, and had the exquisite gratification of hearing Mr. Harvey declare that it pleased him

very well.—Some difficult questions in arithmetic were next proposed ; and Dick, with the greatest ease and precision, solved them all to the merchant's entire satisfaction.

Mr. Harvey was, on the whole, very well pleased with the lad, and, pitying his distressed condition, would have been very willing to employ him : but to this there existed one material objection. To employ a stranger without character or recommendation, would have been highly imprudent. He mentioned this circumstance to Dick, and asked him whether he could name any person in America who knew any thing of him, or could speak a word in his favor.—Poor

Dick, with a bursting heart, and the tears ready to start from his eyes, ingenuously acknowledged, that, except the captain and the surviving part of the passengers and crew who had been shipwrecked with him, there was not a human being in all America who knew any thing concerning him.

“ Well !” replied Mr. Harvey, “ I will hear what *they* say. This morning I shall see the captain at the exchange ; and I know where to find some of the passengers. I shall have some conversation with them ; and you may return again in the evening. Meantime, as you are, no doubt, in want of money for necessaries, I am willing to accommodate you with a small sum.

Here," added he, putting his hand into his pocket, and pulling out a doubloon—"here, my good lad, take this, to purchase whatever you most stand in need of for the present."

Dick thanked him in terms of warmest gratitude for his generous offer, but declared that he was unwilling to contract debts, until he should see a probability of being able to repay them.—This answer highly pleased the merchant, and inspired him with a very favorable opinion of Dick's prudence and honesty, insomuch that, even before he saw the captain or passengers, he was almost determined to employ him. He, however, made inquiries of them in the course of the morn-

ing, and was so perfectly satisfied with the account which they unanimously gave of Dick's good behaviour on board the vessel, that he returned home to dinner with the fixed resolution of engaging the lad as his clerk that very day.

Before Dick's return, however, an occurrence took place, which produced a material change in Mr. Harvey,—quite ruffled his temper, and banished that cheerful good-humour with which he had entered his house. Had Dick been aware of this circumstance, he would, no doubt, have made his visit an hour or two later: for, young and inexperienced as he was, he nevertheless knew that the hour of ill-humour is not the hour for conferring fa-

vors. But chance so directed matters, that poor Dick came to the door at the critical moment when Mr. Harvey was in his very worst mood.

As, with throbbing heart, he entered the house, the first object that presented itself to his view, was Mr. Harvey, whose flushed cheeks and knitted brows immediately caught the youth's attention. Not more terrified is the defenceless lamb at sight of the angry lion, than was Dick at the sight of Mr. Harvey—so altered from what he had seen him a few hours before!—A simple refusal he could have borne, though not without sore regret, yet with a tolerable share of patience and resignation: but, for such a storm of

un-expected anger as he now saw ready to burst upon his head, he was wholly unprepared. From the friendly mildness and liberality of Mr. Harvey's behaviour to him in the forenoon, he had every reason to expect at least a civil and quiet reception, whatever the final result might be:—how severe, then, the shock which he felt, when, by a sudden and un-accountable reverse, he now saw that gentleman's frowns and agitation threaten him with a harsh and stern refusal! His hopes and his fortitude at once forsook him: his heart shrunk within his bosom; his knees tottered beneath the weight of his trembling frame; and, from the deadly paleness of his countenance, he seemed on the

point of sinking senseless to the floor.

A few moments previous to Dick's arrival, Mr. Harvey had been engaged in a scuffle. His head clerk, after having absented himself from his duty in the compting-house during the whole preceding part of the day, had made his appearance there in the afternoon, quite drunk. Had his drunkenness been of the quiet peaceable kind, no material inconvenience would have ensued: but, unfortunately, he was one of those weak-headed mortals whom an extra glass works up to ungovernable fury.—Not content with insulting the other clerks, and tossing the books and papers about the floor, he was proceeding to break

the windows, and commit still further outrages, when Mr. Harvey, having ineffectually endeavoured to pacify him or get him quietly out of the place, was at length obliged to employ violence, and, after considerable exertion, succeeded in thrusting him out by main force.

This scuffle it was, which had wrought so striking a change in Mr. Harvey's countenance, and, by its consequences, struck such a terror to the soul of poor Dick. But, the moment the youth made his appearance, that gentleman's features brightened up with a good-natured smile: instead of the fierce gleams of anger, the mild rays of benevolence now beamed from his eye; and he addressed the trembling or-

phan in a tone and manner which instantly banished all his late alarms, and cheered his drooping heart with the almost certain expectation of a favorable answer.

“Young man,” said Mr. Harvey, “I am so far satisfied with the account I have received from the captain and passengers, that I am determined at least to make trial of you; and, as you now do ‘see a probability of repaying the debt,’ you may safely take some money in advance, to provide yourself with necessaries. I will send one of my clerks with you to purchase them, and provide you with a proper lodging; after which, you may enter upon your employment in my compting-house to-morrow morn-

ing, on a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars for the first year—to be afterward increased, if you justify my expectations.”

Dick thanked him for his kindness, accepted the seasonable offer of pecuniary aid, and set out, as happy as a king, in company with the clerk, who assisted him in making the necessary purchases to the best advantage, and hired for him an apartment in a respectable boarding-house, after having discharged the mean lodging which he had taken on his first arrival.

Here we now behold Dick, within less than eight-and-forty hours after his arrival in New York, new dressed from head to foot, having spare money in his pocket, a de-

cent room and a good bed to sleep in, with the certainty of a comfortable subsistence so long as he behaved himself properly: for, though a hundred and fifty dollars* would not go far in maintaining a person in London; yet, in America, where living was at that time so much cheaper, a young man, even of superior rank to Dick, might live pretty tolerably upon that sum. At all events, to *him* it was quite a fortune; and he owed it all (under the divine providence) to the diligence with which he had attended to his learning.

We need not doubt, that, when

* Thirty-three pounds, fifteen shillings, sterling; the intrinsic value of the dollar being four shillings and six pence,

he retired to his room for the night, he kneeled down in grateful thanksgiving to that kind Father of the universe, who had so providentially interfered in his favor. Harry Johnson, too, though born to better prospects than Dick, would have been thankful to God, devoutly thankful, if any person had made him such an offer, while he stood weeping over his mother's grave.

Harry, however, was not entirely neglected, or left to perish with hunger. Mr. Martin—the clergyman, whose notice he had so forcibly attracted during the funeral service at his mother's burial—after having learned the particulars of his distressful case, took him home to his own house, treated him with a good

dinner, and endeavoured to cheer his spirits with the hope of better fortune ; at the same time assuring him, that, if it lay in his power to render him service, he would do it with the greatest pleasure.

But Mr. Martin, however humane and charitable, had it not in his power personally to afford him any material assistance : for, in that country, the incomes of the clergy are very moderate ; and, though Mr. Martin could, with economy, maintain himself and his family, and make, on the whole, a decent appearance, he had nothing to spare. The only mode, therefore, in which he could hope to render him any important service, was that of giving him his advice, and endea-

vouring to procure for him some situation, in which he might be enabled to earn his bread.

Having understood from Harry that he had been several years under the tuition of a Latin master and a French teacher, who had both regularly attended to give him lessons every day, it immediately occurred to him that Harry might be a very desirable acquisition to a friend of his, Mr. Stanmore, a member of congress, who wished to procure a tutor for his son, then about eight years old.

The good clergyman was delighted at the idea of having at once hit upon a plan which should mutually serve both parties; and he instantly imparted his thoughts on the sub-

ject to his youthful guest—taking for granted, that, with *such* advantages of education, he *must* be capable of teaching a child of that age. Yet, before he would apply to Mr. Stanmore, he thought it right to examine Harry a little, for the purpose of ascertaining how far he was qualified to undertake the task. He accordingly put a few questions to him : but how great was his astonishment and vexation, upon discovering that the youth was wholly un-acquainted even with the first rudiments of grammar !

In the first moments of disappointment and surprise, he suspected that the account which Harry had given of his former condition in life, and particularly of his edu-

cation, was only a tale of falsehood, artfully fabricated for the purpose of exciting compassion—and that he was *not* the son of a gentleman, but some low-bred, lying black-guard, who had perhaps been transported for thieving or picking pockets. Yet, on further consideration, the delicacy of Harry's complexion, together with the neatness of his clothes and the fineness of his linen—but more particularly the circumstance of his having come from England under the protection of that mother, whose loss he had heard him so bitterly deplore—induced him at length to believe that he was *not* a transported thief or pick-pocket, but actually the son of a gentleman, though he had unfor-

tunately neglected to acquire that knowledge which would have proved him to be such.

But, though convinced of the truth of his story, Mr. Martin saw no possibility of serving him in the way he had proposed; and he was now sorry that he had mentioned Mr. Stanmore to him at all, as the disappointment of the hopes which he had thus raised, only served to depress poor Harry's spirits lower. Still determined, however, to serve the distressed youth if he could, he next recollected a merchant who wanted an under clerk: and "Surely," thought he within his own mind, "this young man must know enough of writing and arithmetic for that employment." Upon trial, never-

therless, he found that Harry wrote so wretched a scrawl, and had so little knowledge of figures, that he could not, with a safe conscience, or with any regard to his own character for veracity, venture to recommend him, even as an under clerk.

Some days now elapsed—days of cruel anxiety and alarm to poor Harry—during which the good clergyman exerted himself to the utmost of his power, to find some decent and comfortable situation for the forlorn orphan, whom, in the mean time, he every day entertained at his table with a plain, but wholesome and plentiful, dinner.

There were, it is true, several persons who would very willingly

have taken him into their houses, for the purpose of running on errands, cleaning knives, blacking shoes, and performing various other kinds of mean, debasing drudgery; so that he was secure, at least, from the danger of actually starving, provided he were only willing to work, and render himself useful to his employer. But Mr. Martin aimed at something better for poor Harry, if there were any possibility of attaining it, and therefore would not immediately suffer him to accept any of those degrading offers—thinking it would be time enough to descend to them, if nothing more eligible could be found on further inquiry.

In his inquiries he was indefatigable: but the only situations he

could hear of, above that of a servant to scour knives and clean shoes, were two—Mr. Oakley, a neighbouring carpenter, and another person of a different trade, both wanted apprentices; and either of them would have taken a lad of Harry's age without an apprentice-fee.

In his own mind, Mr. Martin gave the preference to Mr. Oakley, because *his* business was more lucrative than that of the other tradesman, and likewise more eligible in other respects. To him, therefore, he applied: but, at the very first sight of Harry—so thin, so slim, so puny, so feeble—the carpenter bluntly told the clergyman that “such a washy, water-gruel, smock-faced

Miss Molly as *that*" (scornfully pointing at the poor fellow) "would not at all suit him; for that he never would be able to handle his tools, and would cost him more money for medicines, caudles, and other slops, in a single month, than he could earn in a whole year."

Harry's mortification and grief were now extreme: he regretted—deeply and bitterly regretted—that he had not attended to his learning. If he had, instead of being contemptuously rejected by a mechanic, he would have been gladly welcomed into the family of a member of congress, to sit down with him every day to a plentiful table, and ride out on a good horse with his son.

His regret, however, was un-availing : it was impossible to recall the time past ; and something must be immediately done, to save him from starving : for, though the humane Mr. Martin had hitherto entertained him every day, he could not afford to continue his hospitality for any great length of time—much less, to pay for his lodging and washing.

Seeing, therefore, that nothing more eligible could be devised, the good man applied to Mr Dapperly, the other person who was in want of an apprentice.—*He* did not object to Harry's slimness, because *his* trade did not require bodily strength so much as personal agility, and

lightness of hand ; wherefore he agreed to take him as his apprentice, without any fee.

Sorely as Harry felt his pride wounded by the degradation of being apprenticed to a mean trade, yet the fear of either starving or blacking shoes induced him, however reluctant, to acquiesce in this arrangement ; and he was accordingly bound, in due form, by the overseers of the poor, as he had neither parent nor guardian in America, to deliver him over to his master.—Mr. Dapperly took him home, and began, next morning, to teach him his trade, which was that of a——barber !

What a fall for poor Harry—brought up with the expectation of

inheriting ten thousand a year, and occupying a seat in the British parliament—but now reduced, for bread, to shave the beard of every low plebeian who chose to pay a few pence for the use of his razor!—a melancholy reverse, entirely caused by his own fault—by his obstinate and sinful neglect of the opportunities which had been offered to him during his father's prosperity.

He would now willingly have made amends for past neglect, and studied arithmetic, Latin, French, &c. to qualify himself for something more respectable than the lather-brush and razor, at the expiration of his apprenticeship. But his wish was vain; for he neither had books,

nor money to purchase them : neither could he have found time for study, unless he had stolen it from the hours of sleep. Besides, even if he had enjoyed both books and leisure, he knew so little, that he could not have proceeded a single step without the assistance of a master ; and, in *his* situation, it was now utterly impossible for him to procure that aid.—A barber, therefore, he must remain, without any hope of ever bettering his condition.

Severe as was his mortification at this sad reverse of fortune, and the hopeless prospect before him, it would have been rendered still more severe by the contrast, if he had known, that, while *he* was la-

thering plebeians' beards, Dick Hobson, the son of his father's herdsman, was now, in comparison with him, quite a gentleman, and in easy circumstances.

Dick, indeed, had conducted himself so well, and given such satisfaction by his abilities and assiduity, that, before the end of the first six months, Mr. Harvey took him to board and lodge in his own house, without deducting a single dollar from his salary.—At the expiration of the year, the drunken clerk, whose misconduct had, on a former occasion, caused poor Dick so dreadful an alarm—but who, as it was his first fault, had then been pardoned on making a proper apology—was at length dismissed for

repeated acts of ebriety and neglect; and Dick, being charged with the care of the books which that clerk had kept, discovered various errors in the accompts, by which Mr. Harvey would have lost several thousand dollars.—Pleased with the discovery, that gentleman made Dick a present of fifty guineas, immediately doubled his salary, and promised to increase it still further after the lapse of another twelve-month. In short, after several successive increases of salary, Dick was finally admitted, at the end of five years, as a partner in Mr. Harvey's business; and the mercantile transactions of the house were thenceforward carried on under the united names of Messrs. Harvey and

Hopson—for so the latter now wrote his name, to accommodate it to the delicate organs of the genteel company with whom he was accustomed to associate.

Within less than eighteen months after his admission into the partnership, Mr. Harvey gave him his daughter in marriage, with a very handsome portion ; and Mr. Hopson, as we must henceforth call him, now enjoyed a fair prospect of making a rapid and immense fortune. His commercial dealings were extensive : and, as he exerted uncommon diligence in the execution of his plans, which were formed with consummate judgement, he was blessed with good success in every enterprise ; insomuch that,

within the course of a few years, he became one of the most opulent merchants in America.

Conspicuous as he was for his wealth, he was still more distinguished by the good qualities which marked his character and conduct, and was so universally esteemed and respected by the citizens of New York, that, without any solicitation on his part, they spontaneously elected him as their representative in the Congress—that celebrated assembly, in which men of various religions are seen sitting together in friendly union ; no one inquiring what his neighbour's tenets are ; since the American Constitution admits no distinction on account of religion ; but, with an enlightened and liberal

policy, has left even the highest offices in the republic equally accessible to men of every persuasion, without requiring any other religious test, than the bare profession of their "*belief in the existence of a God, and a future state of retribution ;*" which belief the Americans "have experimentally found sufficient for all the purposes of social life, and for the due and conscientious discharge of every public duty—leaving it to each individual to believe, in other respects, according to the convictions of his own mind—and justly considering, that belief is not an act of the will—that a man cannot believe as he chooses—and that the taking of a test-oath, when interest is concerned, is not

“ always a proof of conviction, or a
 “ security for the punctual perfor-
 “ mance of the duty undertaken.”*

The seat of government having, about the time of Mr. Hopson's election, been transferred from New York to Philadelphia, he repaired to the latter city, to take his seat in Congress, at the commencement of the session: and how different from

* The passage with quotation-marks is copied from a short essay of mine in favor of *universal religious equality*, which I have long and ardently wished to see established by law in the British empire—fully convinced that it would here produce the same happy effects which I have personally witnessed from it in America.—In declaring this opinion (not hastily adopted during the late discussion of the Catholic question, but deliberately formed at a very distant period of my life, and ever since invariably entertained, and uniformly ex-

his first arrival at New York was his present entry into Philadelphia! —in the former case, a poor, disconsolate orphan, on foot—now, an opulent, high-minded legislator, riding an excellent horse of his own, and attended by a servant equally well mounted, who carried his master's great cloak and portmanteau.

pressed both in conversation and in writing) I am not influenced by any personal or party consideration, or by any other motive, than a perfectly disinterested Christian desire of "*doing unto all men as I would they should do unto me*"—a wish to see religion freed from all shackles, and every man enjoying his *natural right* to worship God agreeably to the dictates of his own conscience, without being subject to any penalties or disadvantages on account of his creed.—My little essay, above mentioned, was published in the Lady's Magazine for April, 1811, under the title of "*Bigotry and Intolerance.*"

July, 30, 1813.

It was not from motives of parsimonious economy that he chose this mode of traveling: for, in his present circumstances, he was both able and willing to pay for every comfort and accommodation on his journey, which the country was capable of furnishing. But, luxury not having yet made sufficient progress in America, he could not there, as in England, command the convenient services of a hired post-chaise: and, although there were stages, which would, in sixteen or seventeen hours, have conveyed him from New York to Philadelphia, he chose to avoid the severe jolting which he must have suffered on the rough rocky road through the Jerseys, together with the other

inconveniences of those clumsy, awkward, uncomfortable vehicles, which better deserve the name of waggons than of coaches*. For these reasons it was, that he had preferred to travel on horseback, according to the almost general custom of every man in America who can conveniently keep a horse.

During his stay at Philadelphia, his servant happening to fall sick, and being unable to shave his master, as usual—Mr. Hopson was obliged to send out for a barber, to

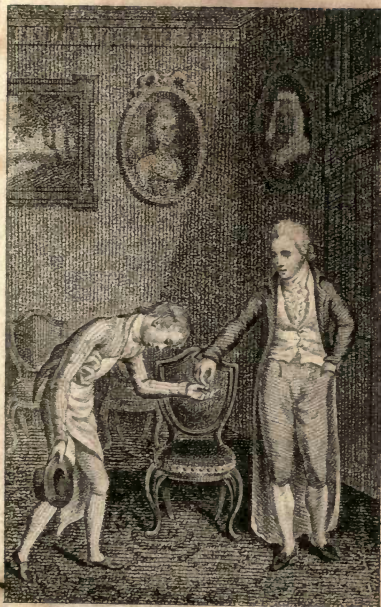
* Indeed they are as frequently called *waggons* as *coaches*, particularly in those parts of the United States which contain many families of German or Low-Dutch origin; the same word, with them, equally signifying a *waggon* or a *coach*, viz. *wagen* in the German language, and *wagen* in the Low-Dutch.

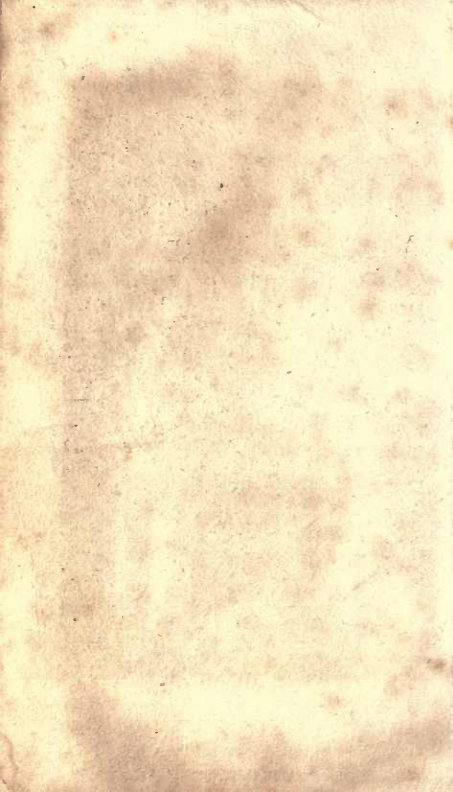
perform that office for him: and, as chance directed, who should that barber be, but Harry Johnson!—Had Mr. Hopson known him, he would certainly have exerted himself to better his condition, through gratitude for the memory of that worthy man whom his father had so often and so warmly praised to him as a most excellent master. But, as he had himself quitted England before Mr. Johnson, and never heard of that gentleman's voyage to Philadelphia, he had not the most distant idea of meeting his son in America: and, though he had often seen Harry, and been formerly well acquainted with his person, it was impossible that he should recognise him in his present state.

—so pale, so wan, so meagre was he grown.

Without knowing him, however, he generously gave him a few pence for himself, in addition to the usual price of shaving, which he was to carry home to his master, for he was yet only a journeyman: and Harry, whose high spirit was now completely broken and debased by the habitual meanness of his condition—little suspecting that the scanty boon was bestowed on him by the son of his father's cow-herd—received it with as lowly gratitude, as ever the cowherd's son had testified in his boyish days, on receiving a trifle from a gentleman, for holding his horse, or opening to him a gate.

THE BARBER.





It is much to be regretted that the original manuscript record, from which this account of Harry and Dick has been compiled, does not contain any further particulars of their history. But, from every circumstance and every appearance, there is strong reason to conclude, that, if they be yet alive, Harry Johnson has not, to this hour, risen a single degree above the mean condition of a barber; and that Mr. Hopson, now possessed of immense riches, lives in affluence and splendor, honorably enjoying the fruits of his well-applied talents and indefatigable industry—and associating, on terms of equality, with the first men in America.—The difference of their

fate suggests many important reflexions, which deserve to be seriously weighed by every young gentleman who feels an antipathy to his book: but, as they will naturally occur to himself, and I wish to save time and paper, I shall only copy out, for his perusal, the two following lines, with which the manuscript concludes—

“Whene’er a dislike to your learning you
harbour,

“Remember the fate of the gentleman
barber.”

THE COMPILER.

P.S. In my preface, I promised to add a few remarks on certain passages of the narrative, relating facts in natural history or philosophy—the episodes of the shark, the por-

poise, the rainbows, and the corked bottle—that the youthful reader may know upon what authority he is to rest his belief of the particulars. I now proceed to inform him, that I have myself seen the beautiful phænomenon of the fleeting rainbows, exactly as described in a preceding page.—I never saw it, except on one occasion: but it is sufficiently known to navigators; and, however clumsily or unphilosophically I may have attempted to account for it, the fact itself stands beyond the reach of doubt.

I have myself tried the experiment of the corked bottle; pursuing the same process, and producing the same result, as the reader has already seen. I made, however, a

bungling business of it, by beginning at the wrong end, and sinking the bottle to so great a depth in the first instance.—I was preparing to correct my error: but, before the bottle could again be got ready, a breeze springing up prevented a repetition of the experiment; and I never afterward, during the passage, had another convenient opportunity, as it cannot well be made while the ship is under way.—Should any of my youthful readers ever be disposed to try it, let him at first sink the bottle only to a moderate depth, which he may afterward increase in successive trials, fathom by fathom, without the trouble of preparing the bottle more than once, until he shall have

exactly ascertained the smallest depth at which the water possesses that amazing power.

Of the shark's rapacity and stupidity I have myself been an eyewitness. I have seen one and the same shark three times hooked and torn—seen his blood flow each time—seen him, after all this, return a fourth time to the bait, and swallow it—without having been one moment out of my sight during the whole transaction.—I saw two pieces of pork, which were taken from his maw in exactly the same state as those described in the history.—With respect to the discovery of the watch, though *I* never witnessed such an occurrence, yet the circumstance is not a fiction ;

at least it is no fiction of mine ; for, in Dodsley's Annual Register, vol. 29, page 227, we have an account of a shark, taken in the Thames near Poplar, in whose maw was found a watch, afterward recognised by a father, as the property of his son, who had been lost at sea two years before.—I have seen shark's flesh served up at the captain's table on shipboard, and likewise seen a shark exposed for sale in the market-place at Oporto.

The strength and agility of the porpoise are not at all exaggerated. I have myself seen one of those fishes struck in the same manner as described in the history, and in the same manner escaping.—I saw the bent harpoon: I saw a piece of the poor creature's entrails sticking on

the barbs; and I heard his assailant, a tall robust man, complain for some days of a soreness in his arm and shoulder, from the shock he had received on the occasion.—As to the fleetness of the porpoise, the calculation of his speed is entirely matter of conjecture: it may be over-rated or under-rated; and therefore the youthful reader is cautioned against adopting a supposition as a fact. This, however, he may safely believe, that I have myself watched, for near two hours, a shoal of porpoises that accompanied our ship in exactly the same manner as related in the preceding pages, while we continued sailing before a fine breeze at the rate of full ten knots an hour.

On the nocturnal mortality among the fowls, I cannot speak with equal confidence as on the other points : for, though I have, in more than one voyage, been a sufferer by those nightly deaths, I never could discover the cause—for want, perhaps, of having such a man as Thomas Hobson among the steerage passengers. I have, indeed, been subsequently *informed*, and by a seaman too, that the fact was as Thomas represented it ; and even the mode was described to me, in which fowls are killed without noise or violence—the same which is said to be practised by the robbers of hen-roosts on land. All this, however, being only hearsay, I do not pretend to vouch for the truth of it,

which therefore must, in the present case, entirely rest on the authority of Thomas Hobson, who made the discovery.—Neither can I vouch for the good consequences which are said to have resulted from the expedient adopted by Mr. Green and his fellow passengers, because I never saw it tried ; though I doubt not, that, if it *were* tried, it would be productive of pleasing effects.

J. C.

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